

A COLLECTION OF

P O E M S,

CONTAINING

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE,

AND

EDWIN and ANGELINA;

BLAIR'S GRAVE,

GRAY'S ELEGY,

FARNELL'S HERMIT,

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WATTS on TRUE RICHES,

PRIOR on CHARITY,

THE IMPORTANT QUERY,

*Verses by a Gentleman, just before going to Prison,
on seeing his Child asleep.*

AND

ADDISON on the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.



Bath:

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P O E M S, &c.

T H E G R A V E.

[BLAIR.]

The house appointed for all living. JOB.

W HILST some affect the fun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage:
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb*;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes:

B

Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
 Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant fun
 Was roll'd together, or had try'd its beams
 Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper
 By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
 (Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime)
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
 Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
 'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
 Embod'y'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds,
 No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
 Their lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks,
 Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary;
 Doors creek, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles
 Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and, obstinately fullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks—ungracious sound!
 I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
 (Coeval near with that) all ragged shew,
 Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks; others so thin at top,
 That scarce two crows can lodge on the same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here;
 Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
 Dead men have come again and walk'd about;
 And the great bell has toll'd unring, untouch'd.
 (Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
 When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
 By glimpse of moonshine chequering thro' the trees,
 The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up;
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
 That tell in homely phrase who lies below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or *thinks* he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels;
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,

Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes its stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave ; and (strange to tell)
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spy'd,
 Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :
 Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
 While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops ; whilst busy meddling Memory,
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme, Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave !—how dost thou rend in sunder
 Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one ?
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
 Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul :
 Sweetner of life, and solder of society,
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
 Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors thro' the underwood,
 Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
 Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note:
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep: whilst ev'ry flow'r
 Vy'd with his fellow plant in luxury
 Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Never to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave!—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of Mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
 Where are the Jesters now? the men of health,
 Complectionally pleasant? Where's the droll,
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,

And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing Melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware? Ah! fullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
 The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
 And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
 And had not room enough to do its work?
 Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
 And cramm'd into a space we blush to name!
 Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
 Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
 Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
 Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
 And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
 But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
 Of being unmolested and alone.

Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
 And honours by the heralds duly paid,
 In mode and form ev'n to a very scruple ;
 Oh, cruel irony ! these come too late,
 And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
 Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's bury'd
 In the highway, unshrowded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
 Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

But see ! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on
 Stately and slow ; and properly attended
 By the whole fable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
 By letting out their persons by the hour,
 To mimic sorrow, where the heart's not sad.
 How rich the trappings ! now they're all unfurl'd,
 And glittering in the sun ; triumphant entries
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
 Retard th' unwieldy show : whilst from the casements
 And houses tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedg'd,
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste,
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
 That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible ? Ye undertakers, tell us,
 'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,

Why is the *principal* conceal'd, for which
 You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now but little thou appear'st
 Below the envy of the private man!
 Honour, that meddlesome, officious ill,
 Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short;
 Strange persecution! when the grave itself
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to over-reach the Grave,
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
 The best concerted schemes men lay for fame,
 Die fast away; only *themselves* die faster.
 The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
 Those bold insurancers of deathless fame,
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
 The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
 And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
 Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
 The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
 Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
 Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
 The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
 At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight!
 The labour of whole ages tumbles down,

A hideous and mishapen length of ruins.
 Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
 With all-subduing time; her cank'ring hand
 With calm, delib'rate malice wasteth them:
 Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
 The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
 Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
 Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
 Hangs down her head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
 Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
 Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
 And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
 To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
 Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
 That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
 Implacable. Here, too, the petty tyrant,
 Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
 And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short;
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery;
 (As if a slave was not a shred of nature,

Of the same common nature with his lord)
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
 Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
 Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we are something
 Above the common level of our kind,
 The Grave gainsays the smooth-complection'd flattery,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty——thou pretty plaything, dear deceit!
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
 The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soiled,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd. For *this* was all thy caution?
 For this thy painful labour at thy glass,
 T'improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps !—the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers :
 Honest effusion ! the swollen heart in vain
 Works hard, to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too—thou furly and less gentle boast
 Of those that loud laugh at the village ring ;
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
 What groan was that I heard ? Deep groan, indeed !
 With anguish heavy laden. Let me trace it.—
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
 Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
 Beats thick ! his roomy breast by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play. What now avail
 The strong-built finewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders !
 See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
 Mad with his pains ! Eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a creature drowning ; hideous sight !
 Oh ! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly,
 Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
 Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan ?
 It was his last.—See how the great Goliath,
 Just like a child that bawl'd itself to rest,

Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty Boaster,
 To vaunt of nerves as thine? What means the bull,
 Unconscious of his strength to play the coward,
 And flee before a feeble thing like man,
 That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
 Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
 The star-surveying sage close to his eye
 Applies the light-invigorating tube,
 And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
 Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
 That roll with regular confusion there,
 In ecstasy of thought. But ah, proud man!
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,
 And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,
 Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies disabled now,
 Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
 And cannot tell his ails to passers by.
 Great men of language!—Whence this mighty change;
 This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
 Tho' strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
 And sly insinuation's softer arts
 In ambush lay upon thy flowing tongue;
 Alas, how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
 Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
 The strength of action, and the force of words,
 The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
 With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
 Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been;
 Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
 Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler,
 Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb,
 With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
 With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
 Enough to raise a dead man into rage.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
 These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
 Spite of their julaps and catholicons,
 Resign their fate. Proud Æsculapius' son!
 Where are thy boasted implements of art,
 And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
 Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ships could go,
 Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
 Escap'd thy rifling hand:—from stubborn shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
 But why this apparatus? Why this cost?
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the Grave,
 Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
 With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?

Alas ! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)
From back and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a task it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah ! where are his rents, his comings-in ?
Ay, now you've made the rich man poor indeed !
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind ?
Oh, curst lust of gold ! when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in *both* worlds :
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death !
To him that is at ease in his possessions ;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come !
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement !
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers !
A little longer, yet a *little* longer,
Oh, might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage ! Mournful sight !

Her very eyes weep blood ; and every groan
 She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
 Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close through every lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on ;
 Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die ! My soul !
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulph in view !
 That awful gulph, no mortal e'er repass'd,
 To tell what's doing on the further side.
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting ;
 For part they must ; body and soul must part ;
 Fond couple ! link'd more close than wedded pair.
 This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
 The witness of its actions, now its Judge ;
 That drops into the dark and noisome Grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death ;
 If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
 Whence first they sprang ; then might the debauchee
 Untrembling mouthe the heavens : then might the drunkard
 Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh

At the poor bugbear, Death : then might the wretch
 That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
 At once give each inquietude the slip,
 By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
 And by what way ; whether by hemp or steel,
 Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
 The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
 Or blame him if he goes ? Sure he does well,
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able. But if there is an hereafter,
 And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
 Then must it be an awful thing to die :
 More horrid yet to die by one's *own* hand.

Self-murder ! name it not : our island's shame ;
 That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
 Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
 Self-preservation, fall by her *own* act ?
 Forbid it, Heaven. Let not, upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er
 With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt !
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
 To rush into the presence of our Judge ;
 As if we challeng'd Him to do His worst,
 And matter'd not His wrath : unheard-of tortures
 Must be reserv'd for such : these herd together ;
 The *common* damn'd shun their society,
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.

Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd ;
 How long, how short, we know not : this we know,
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
 Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission :
 Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
 And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd :
 Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick. To run away
 From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
 By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark ; 'tis mad ;
 No phrenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead ; will none of you, in pity
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?
 O that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be !
 I've heard, that souls departed, have sometimes
 Forewarn'd men of their death : 'twas kindly done,
 To knock, and give th' alarm. But what means
 This stinted charity ? 'Tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves. Why might you not
 Tell us what 'tis to die ? Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice ? I'll ask no more :
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine

Enlightens but yourselves. Well—'tis no matter ;
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as ye are, and as close.
 Death's shafts fly thick : here falls the village swain,
 And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round :
 And who so artful as to put it by !
 'Tis long since death had the majority :
 Yet strange ! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
 Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand,
 Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
 By far his juniors. Scarce a scull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand,
 The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years,
 Yet ne'er a yonker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale : when drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch ! he minds not,
 That soon some trusty brother of his trade
 Shall do for him, what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
 In the world's hale and undegenerated days
 Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are !

Never to think of death and of ourselves
 At the same time; as if to learn to die
 Were no concern of ours. Oh! more than sottish,
 For creatures of a day in gamesome mood
 To frolic on Eternity's dread brink
 Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
 The very first sworn surge shall sweep us in.
 Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
 With a resistless, unremitting stream;
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
 And carries off his prize. What is this world?
 What, but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
 The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
 And we that live must lend our carcases
 To cover our own offspring: in their turns,
 They, too, must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet;
 The shiv'ring Iceland, and sun-burnt Moor;
 Men of all climes, that never met before;
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
 Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
 His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
 Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
 The great negotiators of the earth,
 And celebrated masters of the balance,
 Deep read in stratagems and wiles of court;

Now vain their treaty-skill. Death scorns to treat.
 Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
 From his gall'd shoulders ; and when the cruel tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of power about him,
 Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm ;—and quick as thought escapes
 Where tyrants vex not, where the weary rest.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
 The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
 (Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love)
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
 Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
 Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
 The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
 Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
 That some rude interpoling rock had split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant :—here the child
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
 Nor press'd the nipple, strangl'd in life's porch.
 Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters ;
 The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
 Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.
 Here are the prude severe, and gay coquet,
 The sober widow, and the young green virgin,

Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth. The shrill-tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work. Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play'd their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom. Summer seas
Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds,
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,

The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
 Offer'd the various produce of the year,
 And every thing most perfect in its kind.
 Blessed! thrice blessed days! But, ah! how short!
 Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
 But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.

Oh, slippery state of things! What sudden turns!
 What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,
 And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
 How scant the space between these vast extremes!
 Thus far'd it with our sire: Not long enjoy'd
 His paradise. Scarce had the happy tenant
 Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
 Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
 Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
 Can nought compound for the *first* dire offence
 Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
 Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
 And parley with his fate. But 'tis vain—
 Not all the lavish odours of the place
 Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon,
 Or mitigate his doom. A mighty Angel
 With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
 And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
 One last and farewell round. At once he lost
 His glory and his God. If mortal now,
 And sorely maim'd, no wonder. Man has sinn'd.

Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
 Evil he needs would try : nor try'd in vain.
 (Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
 Where the worse thing could happen, is success.)
 Alas! too well he sped : the good he scorn'd,
 Stalk'd off reluctant like an ill-us'd ghost,
 Not to return : or if it did, its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between :
 Whilst the black Demon, with his hell-scap'd train
 Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone ;
 Lording it o'er the man : who now too late
 Saw the rash error, which he could not mend :
 An error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And its vast body bleeds thro' ev'ry vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
 Greatest and first of ills. The fruitful parent
 Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
 Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
 Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
 Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
 The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
 Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
 Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,

And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
 Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
 But that too has its shore it cannot pass,
 More dreadful far than these! Sin has laid waste,
 Not here and there a country, but a world:
 Dispatching at a wide extended blow
 Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
 Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
 And marking all along its way with ruin.
 Accursed thing! Oh! where shall fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive
 Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
 Of temper so transcendently malign,
 That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,
 Compar'd to thee, are harmless. Sicknesse
 Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
 And bluest plagues, are thine. See how the fiend
 Profusely scatters the contagion round!
 Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
 Wades deep in blood new spilt: yet for to-morrow
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold:—I've gone too far; too much discover'd
 My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
 Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,

O'er all these ample deserts Death has spread;
 This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
 Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not fated yet!
 Unheard of epicure! without a fellow!
 The veriest gluttons do not *always* cram;
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought
 To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full;
 But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
 On whom lank hunger lays her skinny hand,
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings;
 As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
 Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
 And with high int'rest too. They are not thine;
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
 When loud diffusive sound of brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Day-light, and liberty.
 Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming under ground,
 In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,

That twice has stood the torture of the fire
 And inquisition of the forge. We know
 Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
 The Son of GOD, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
 Thou could'st not hold : self-vigorous he rose,
 And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent :
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall !)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
 Had not a scruple left. This having done,
 He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see him
 Climb the ærial height, and glide along
 Athwart the sev'ring clouds : but the faint eye,
 Flung backward in the chace, soon drops its hold,
 Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
 Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in ;
 Nor are his *friends* shut out : as some great Prince
 Not for himself alone procures admission,
 But for his train, It was his royal will,
 That where he is, there should his *followers* be,
 Death only lies between. A gloomy path !
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears.
 But not untrod nor tedious ; the fatigue
 Will soon go off : beside, there's no *by-road*
 To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
 Start we at transient hardships in the way

That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
 And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
 We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom;
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
 Fast by a riv'let's brink a youngster play:
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
 At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
 His fears redouble; and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death!
 That after many a painful bleeding step,
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
 Our bane turn'd to our blessing! Death, disarm'd,
 Loses his fellness quite. All thanks to Him
 Who scourg'd the venom out. Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches

After the prize in view! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away :
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest. Then! oh then!
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
 'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more ;
 Nor shall it hope in vain ; the time draws on,
 When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long-committed dust
 Inviolatè ; and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account ; not the least atom
 Embezzled or mislaid, of the whole tale.
 Each soul shall have a body ready-furnish'd ;
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
 Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more! nor is his arm impair'd
 Thro' length of days : and what He can, He will :
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust

(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake:
 And every joint possess its former place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its *first* state. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd,
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man
 That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
 With haste runs over every different room,
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice-happy meeting!
 Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
 We make the Grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
 Cows down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

A N E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

[GRAY.]

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening-care ;
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 • And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 ' Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
 ' Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

' The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
 ' Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
 ' Grav'd on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn.'



THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:

He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

T H E H E R M I T.

[PARNELL.]

FAR in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with GOD he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost :
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow :
 But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
 Swift rustling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell, the pilgrim staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But when the southern wind had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
 And hail, my son ! the rev'rend sire reply'd :

Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road :
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart ;
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass ;
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
 Yet still the kindness, from a thrift of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive : the livery'd servants wait,
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and filk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
 His cup was vanish'd, for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
 So seem'd the fire: when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their fable clouds;
 A sound in air prefag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring feat.
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;

Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
 Slow creaking turn'd the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls ;
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd
 In one so rich, a life so pure and rude :
 And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling feature in his face !
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before ;
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travels of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then blest the mansion, and the master greet:
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 Their courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
 From him you come, from him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the hour of bed,
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd its neck : the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd,
 Horror of horrors ! What ! his only son !
 How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ?
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
 Long arms of oak an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then plashing turns, and sinks among the dead,

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 Detested wretch!——But scarce his speech began,
 When his strange partner seem'd no longer man:
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back the gradual plumes display:
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and knew not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
 For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel——Thy fellow servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends:
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Power exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
 Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the cup, this graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from GOD;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But GOD, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
Then what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

EDWIN and ANGELINA.

[GOLDSMITH.]

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 “ And guide my lonely way,
 “ To where yon taper cheers the vale
 “ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 “ With fainting steps and slow :
 “ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 “ Seem length’ning as I go.”

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
 "To tempt the dangerous gloom :
 "For yonder faithless phantom flies
 "To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want,
 "My door is open still :
 "And though my portion is but scant,
 "I give it with good will.

"Then turn to night, and freely share
 "Whate'er my cell bestows ;
 "My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 "My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
 "To slaughter I condemn ;
 "Taught by that Power that pities me,
 "I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side,
 "A guiltless feast I bring ;
 "A scrip with herbs and fruit supply'd,
 "And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 "All earth-born cares are wrong :
 "Man wants but little here below,
 "Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
"Reluctant dost thou rove:
"Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay;
"And those who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
"A charm that lulls to sleep;
"A shade that follows wealth or fame,
"But leaves the wretch to weep?"

"And love is still an emptier sound,
"The modern fair one's jest;
"On earth unseen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 "And spurn the sex," he said:
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o'er the morning skies;
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms;
 The lovely stranger stands confess,
 A maid, in all her charms.

And, "Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 "A wretch forlorn," she cry'd;
 "Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 "Where heaven and you reside:

"But let a maid thy pity share,
 "Whom love has taught to stray;
 "Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 "Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 "A wealthy lord was he;
 "And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
 "He had but only me.

- " To win me from his tender arms,
 " Unnumber'd suitors came ;
 " Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 " And felt or feign'd a flame.
- " Each hour a mercenary crowd
 " With richest proffers strove :
 " Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 " But never talk'd of love.
- " In humble, simplest habit clad,
 " Nor wealth nor power had he ;
 " Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 " But these were all to me.
- " The blossom opening to the day,
 " The dews of heaven refin'd,
 " Could nought of purity display,
 " To emulate his mind.
- " The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 " With charms inconstant shine ;
 " Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 " Their constancy was mine.
- " For still I try'd each fickle art,
 " Importunate and vain :
 " And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 " I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 " He left me to my pride ;
 " And fought a solitude forlorn,
 " In secret, where he dy'd.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 " And well my life shall pay ;
 " I'll seek the solitude he fought,
 " And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn despairing hid,
 " I'll lay me down and die :
 " 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 " And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, heaven !" the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
 The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 " My charmer, turn to see
 " Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 " Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 " And ev'ry care resign :
 " And shall we never, never part,
 " My life—my all that's mine ?

“ No, never from this hour to part;
 “ We'll live and love so true;
 “ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 “ Shall break thy Edwin's too.

The I M P O R T A N T Q U E R Y.

JOB, CHAP. xiv. VERSE 10.

PERPETUAL Changes agitate this World.
 Myriads of Creatures in Succession rise;
 Soon gain their Summit, and to Dust return.
 But Man (their Lord) e'er at his Prime, must perish!
 He giveth up the Ghost, and where is He?

The learned Soph, who with a Thought would grasp
 Six Days Creation of a God: When he
 (By threescore Years hard study, Day and Night)
 Seems just about to comprehend an Atom,
 He giveth up the Ghost, and where is He?

The enterprising Hero, who (disdaining
 To have an Equal) ravages the Globe:
 Nor rests his boundless Fury; till he claims
 The world his own; and all Mankind his Slaves.
 He giveth up the Ghost, and where is He?

The greedy Muckworm, buried in his Stores
Of hoarded Wealth; yet with Solitude
Still grasping on: nor e'er with Pleasure eats;
That he may aggrandize a squand'ring Heir.

He giveth up the Ghost, and where is He?

The crafty Knave; who hugs himself, if he
Can over-reach some unsuspecting Dupe:
Prosp'ring in Fraud; yet for an honest Man,
Maintains his Reputation to the last.

He giveth up the Ghost, and where is He?

The thoughtless Trifler, who consumes the Day
In Idleness; or wastes his golden Moments,
In Modes fantastick, and Amusements gay,
Dancing on blindfold to Death's Precipice.

He giveth up the Ghost, and where is He?

The lawless Libertine, who is resolv'd
To gratify his Senses and indulge
His ev'ry Wish, in spite of Health or Heav'n.
Soon does he lavish Life's important Hour:

And giveth up the Ghost, and where is He?

The rigid Devotee, who drags his Years
In forc'd Austerities, and toilsome Pray'rs:
Spurning the comforts that his Maker sends;

And living in Contempt of all Mankind,

He giveth up the Ghost, and where is He?

The Man of Piety, whose daily Care
Is to improve his Intercourse with Heav'n.
Who strives to answer ev'ry End of Life;
Yet seeks supreme Felicity in Death:
Hoping for Pardon through his Saviour's Blood.
He giveth up the Ghost, and where is He?

V E R S E S

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN, ON SEEING HIS
CHILD ASLEEP IN A CRADLE, JUST
BEFORE HIS GOING TO PRISON,

SOFT babe, sweet image of a harmless mind!
How calm *that* sleep which innocence enjoys!
The smiling cheek thou in thy slumber wear'st,
Is nature's language for a gentle heart;
It says: "All's peace within," it is thy right:
'Tis the blest priv'lege of thy tender age
To wake or sleep in peace; to know no fears,
To dread no ill,—to smile on friend and foe,

What moral lesson does thy slumber teach?
 This preaching strikes and mends a faulty heart.
 Come here, ye guilty, for it speaks to you;
 Tells what you lost, and what you'll ne'er regain:
 Where dwells the pow'r a wounded mind to heal?
 Attend, ye misers! all your wealth can't lure
 This slumber to your bed; unbrib'd it drops
 The downy wing upon this infant brow.

Listen, ye heroes, kings, or higher names,
 (If such there be); can minds with coolest thought
 To bloodshed train'd, such peaceful moments taste?
 Sleep like that babe, and I'll unsheath my sword.
 Could gazing catch the flow'r of cordial peace,
 My ardent eye I'd fix to pluck it thence,
 And plant it in my breast. In vain that thought!
 High heav'n this bliss to sinful man denies;
 'Tis Virtue's crown, and ev'n an angel's wealth.
 Sleep on, mild infant! sleep, and never know
 What thy fond parent feels—now feels for thee
 Tho' thou feel'st nothing. O would kind heav'n grant
 Thou ne'er might'st wake again! how sweet to pass
 From earth to heav'n on such a gentle wing;
 These looks would fix a smile on death's pale cheek.
 I must away; relentless law compels:
 I'll take thee too; thou in a cell can'st sleep,
 And play within the horrors of a jail:

Thy father sleeps no more : What then ! I'll watch
 Thy sleeping hours, and when *thou* smil'st, *I'll* smile ;
Smile ev'n in misery : wipe my streaming eye,
 Then smile again : Will law forbid me this ?

Thy Mother in her peaceful tomb is laid ;
 Silent her griefs which fretted life away.
 At sight of thee her tender heart would bleed ;
 It bled for others, but for thee 'twould stream.
 In happy time her soul to him is fled,
 Whose blood for those, that mercy love was spilt.
 Thou know'st, my God, by thy great pattern taught,
 I never turn'd my eye, or shut my heart
 From any wretch that walk'd this earth in pain.
 When thy rich blessings on my head were pour'd,
Thou ledd'st my heart (for goodness comes from thee)
 To seek out mis'ry in her bashful path,
 And to my utmost, ev'ry wound to heal.

My faith is firm ; in this thy trying hand
 My hope breathes fresh. Some virtuous mind thou'lt touch,
 (Tho' few below thy glorious image wear,
 To riot most, or vanity enslav'd)
 Then guide him to my cell ; my chains he'll break,
 And Light to me, and to this babe restore.

C H A R I T Y.*

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH
CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE
TO THE CORINTHIANS,

[PRIOR.]

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung:
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define;
 And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babb'ling earth:
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
 When Moses gave them miracles, and law:
 Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
 Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast;

* This word is rendered *Love* in a bible printed by the deputies of Christopher Barker, in 1599.—If the idea, of the love of God being shed abroad in the heart by the power of the Holy Spirit, is preserved in reading this excellent poem, its force and beauty will more evidently appear.

Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r,
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
 A cymbal's sound were better than my voice,
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind!
 Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide
 Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride:
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives:
 And much she suffers, as she much believes:
 Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift, which GOD on man bestows,
 Its proper bounds, and due restriction knows;
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its pow'r,
 And finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
 Our eye perceives the distant planets pass;

A little we discover ; but allow
 That more remains unseen, than art can shew :
 So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above)
 High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope :
 Yet we are able only to survey,
 Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
 Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd ;
 The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith, and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
 Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
 Shalt still survive—————
 Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
 For ever blessing and for ever blest.

T R U E R I C H E S.

[WATTS.]

I Am not concern'd to know
 What to-morrow fate will do:
 'Tis enough that I can say
 I've possess'd myself to-day:
 Then if haply midnight death
 Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
 Yet to-morrow I shall be
 Heir to the best part of me.

Glitt'ring stones and golden things,
 Wealth and honours that have wings,
 Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
 I could never call my own:
 Riches that the world bestows,
 She can take and I can lose;
 But the treasures that are mine,
 Lie afar beyond her line.
 When I view my spacious soul,
 And survey myself in whole,
 And enjoy myself alone,
 I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
 That the world hath never seen,

Rich as Eden's happy ground,
 And with choicer plenty crown'd.
 Here on all the shining boughs
 Knowledge fair and useful grows :
 On the same young flow'ry tree
 All the seasons you may see ;
 Notions in the bloom of light,
 Just disclosing to the sight :
 Here are thoughts of larger growth,
 Rip'ning into solid truth :
 Fruits refin'd of noble taste ;
 Seraphs feed on such repast.
 Here in a green and shady grove
 Streams of pleasure mix with love :
 There beneath the smiling skies
 Hills of contemplation rise :
 Now upon some shining top
 Angels light, and call me up ;
 I rejoice to raise my feet,
 Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
 Earth had no resemblance for ;
 Nothing like them round the pole,
 Nothing can describe the soul ;
 'Tis a region half unknown,
 That has treasures of its own,
 More remote from public view
 Than the bowels of Peru ;

Broader 'tis and brighter far
 Than the golden Indies are :
 Ships that trace the wat'ry stage
 Cannot coast it in an age ;
 Harts or horses, strong and fleet,
 Had they wings to help their feet,
 Could not run it half way o'er
 In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind
 Loth to be too much confin'd,
 Roves and takes her daily tours,
 Coasting round the narrow shores,
 Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
 Picking shells and pebbles thence :
 Or she sits at Fancy's door,
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,
 Foreign visits still receiving,
 And t' herself a stranger living.
 Never, never would she buy
 Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
 Never trade abroad for more
 If she saw her native store ;
 If her inward worth were known,
 She might ever live alone.

A S O L I L O Q U Y

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

[ADDISON.]

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, this inward horror
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works) He must delight in virtue;
 And that which He delights in, must be happy.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

[GOLDSMITH.]



SWEET Auburn, lovliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering bloom delay'd,
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please.
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
 How often have I paus'd on every charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
 The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made.

Sweet smiling village, lov'liest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bow'rs, the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest:
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade:
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more.
 His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unweildy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose;

And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride,
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, thy ruin'd grounds,
 And many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew :
 Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
 Trace ev'ry scene, and wonder at the change,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and GOD has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine!

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of peace;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from his gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend:
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His heav'n commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung;
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watch dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
 These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate the gale:

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;

The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
 And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismay'd:
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay ;
 There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school :
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was his fault ;
 The village all declar'd how much he knew,
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge :
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
 Amaze the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew :
 But pass'd is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
 Where honest swains and smiling toil retir'd ;
 Where village-statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-fanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that clink'd behind the door ;
 The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay.
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train,
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm than all the gloss of art;
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arms decoy,
 The heart distrustful, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride,
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;

The robe that wraps his limbs in filken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight's every borrow'd charm that drefs supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of drefs.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?

If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped, what waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare:
 Such scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thy eyes
 Where the poor helpless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,

And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown,

Do thine, fair Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At poor men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 To torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore.
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the 'vengeful snake;
 Where crouching tygers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies,
 Far different these from ev'ry former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round their bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last.
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep :
The good old fire, that first prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for other's woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovlier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose :
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear :
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the decent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
 At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unweildy woe:
 Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round,

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
 And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
 Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anch'ring vessels spread the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there;
 And piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well.

Farewel, and O, where'er thy voice be try'd,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain:
 Teach him that states of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



